

UNCLE SAM'S SAILORS BEST FED IN THE WORLD

No Other Fighting Men Supplied
With as Varied, as Dainty
or as Scientific a Menu.

From the New York Sun.

When our battle fleet steamed away from here a short while back the belching clouds of smoke from funnel tops told the source of motive energy: crude oil and coal.

But when the admiring public watched our jacksies swing up Fifth avenue on parade, how many realized the reason for that snappy step and the glow of abundant health? Food, good food, and plenty of it is the secret.

Our bluejackets are the best fed fighting men in the world, and if a boy has any leaning toward enlisting in the nation's defence he will make no mistake by casting his lot with the men afloat. He may have a hanker for terra firma, but it must not be forgotten that the army is out-distanced by the navy when it comes to the matter of dietary. The daily issue of food either to the soldier or the sailor, out of which three meals are made, officially called a ration. This allowance for the army costs Uncle Sam between 24 and 25 cents, but last year the average cost of subsisting one man for one day in the navy was \$0.366, Jacky being the higher liver by the purchasing power of nearly twelve cents more than his soldier fellow in the national defence.

It is not overstating the case to say that the major part of the fleet's efficiency and the contentment of the men is due, either directly or indirectly, to the generous and varied provender which is now given them whether the ship be in port or ploughing her way through stormy seas. There was a time, not long ago, when tinned foods were extensively served on board our naval craft, but the fleet is using less and less of these all the while.

Upon this point, Admiral McGowan, Chief of the Bureau of Supplies and Accounts, has recently said: "There are certain things that it is almost necessary to use a part of a ration. For instance, there is canned corned beef, which is so well understood and so well liked in the navy that its use to a certain moderate extent is not only welcome but most welcome to the men—they like it. Then canned tomatoes and a few other staples; canned fruits and some vegetables canned are very serviceable and are used right along. But the great majority of all the food furnished to the men now, at least in the battle-ship fleet, is fresh food—fresh vegetables, fresh meats, fresh bread, &c."

Surely this is enough to make our old sea dogs rise in protest from their graves. They could remind their young followers of today of the trying times of wooden ships and canvas when "salt horse," "sowbelly," "hardtack" and the like constituted the main elements of the sailor's ration. Tinned foods, as we know them now, would indeed have been a delicacy in the decades gone, but the fighting jacky of those days had to be content with such delectables as "scouse," "lobscouse," "soft tack," "soft tommy," "skilgallee," "burgoo," "doughboys," "dog's body" and "duff," the latter not always able to boast of plums. The water, too, that our seamen drank in those other days was both scant in its allowance when on the open ocean and as likely as not tainted and unpalatable.

Just fourteen years ago the Navy Department and the national legislators awakened to the fact that our bluejackets were the victims of official blindness. Congress in 1861 put a daily limit of the measure of food to

be allowed in a ration, and nine years later it established the value of the ration at 30 cents. That is, if the sailor did not draw his ration it had a commutative value of 30 cents.

That sum then rightly represented the cost of the food supplied by Uncle Sam to the enlisted men of the navy. But as the years grew following the civil war the items of that dietary became generally cheaper, and in 1901 the food supplied under the terms of the ration cost the Navy Department on an average 18 cents instead of 30.

That meant that if the men could go into the open market, after commuting the entire ration, they could actually buy 30 cents worth of food in place of that costing 18 cents, which the Government ration represented.

The Navy Department then set about rearranging the constituents of the ration so that the men would have a wide variety to draw upon while getting the body building or fuel values needful. This was where the authorities reduced the dietary scale to a matter of calories or nutrient units. Such was the state of affairs eight years ago.

Since then the medical authorities of the service have found that some of the allowances for certain provisions were in excess of those desired or consumed, and according they are now shifting things so that better results in the way of satisfying the men can be obtained without adding to the total cost.

The public little realizes what nice figuring must be done in order to keep expenditures within bounds. With a total enlisted force of approximately 55,000 men Uncle Sam has to pay more than \$7,400,000 annually to make the "inner man" happy. Remember that it costs more to feed the sick, and while the daily ration for the well does not involve an outlay of more than the 30 cents lawfully allowed, still the general average for everybody brings the figure up to nearly 37 cents per diem.

Now if you were put upon a daily allowance of this modest extent how far do you think it would go toward satisfying your appetite, especially if you were expected to do hard work? Even by patronizing lunch counters and the cheapest of restaurants there would be lots of slack at nightfall in your waistband. Nevertheless, thanks to the splendid system employed in the navy, every bluejacket has plenty to eat. The high cost of living has not appalled Uncle Sam, and we have seen for ourselves what the navy ration, divided into three meals, will do for our fighting sailor boys.

The prize ship of the navy is the dreadnought Wyoming. The men behind her guns have scored the highest marks at target practice and their husky mates below the protective deck have outclassed their rivals in engineering efficiency. The Wyoming is a "happy ship." There are no hungry or dyspeptic mischief makers or malcontents aboard her. One might wonder at this were it not possible to give a week's bill of fare for the general mess. This will show the part the chief commissary steward plays in making this a fact.

MONDAY

Breakfast—Baked corned beef hash, fried hominy, oranges. Bread, butter, coffee.
Dinner—Split pea soup, boiled cabbage, boiled corned beef, boiled potatoes, raisin pie. Bread and coffee.
Supper—Fried liver, fried onions, fried potatoes, rice blanc mange. Bread, butter, tea.

TUESDAY

Breakfast—Fried eggs, fried bologna, fried potatoes, bananas. Bread, butter, coffee.
Dinner—Grilled sirloin steak, fried onions, mashed potatoes, coconut custard, bread and coffee.
Supper—Beef a la mode, hashed brown potatoes, corn fritters. Bread, butter, tea.

WEDNESDAY

Breakfast—Boston baked beans, tomato catsup, hot corn bread, oranges. Bread, butter, coffee.
Dinner—Vermicelli soup, prime roast beef, onion gravy, boiled potatoes, fruit tapioca. Bread, butter, coffee.
Supper—Oyster stew, with crackers, cold beans, doughnuts, fruit jam. Bread and tea.

THURSDAY

Breakfast—Fried pork sausage, onion gravy, German fried potatoes, preserved fruit. Bread, butter, coffee.
Dinner—Tomato soup, spiced ham, German browned potatoes, dried peach pie. Bread, butter, coffee.
Supper—Baked veal pie, biscuits, sweet corn. Bread, butter, cocoa.

FRIDAY

Breakfast—Scrambled eggs, fried bacon, Force with milk and sugar. Bread, butter, coffee.
Dinner—New England clam chowder, fried trout, baked potatoes, mince pie. Bread and coffee.
Supper—Beef croquettes, tomato catsup, fruit jam. Bread and tea.

SATURDAY

Breakfast—Railroad hash, tomato catsup, currant buns. Bread, butter, coffee.
Dinner—Bean soup, boiled bacon, boiled cabbage, potatoes and turnips, boiled potatoes, pickles. Bread, butter, coffee.
Supper—Steamed frankfurters, with mustard, string bean salad, boiled potatoes, jam turnovers. Bread, butter, tea.

SUNDAY

Breakfast—Baked pork and beans, tomato catsup, coffee cake. Bread, butter, coffee.
Dinner—Rice and tomato soup, breaded pork chops, tomato catsup, green peas, mashed potatoes, ice cream and cake. Bread and coffee.
Supper—Italian macaroni, sliced bologna, potato salad, peaches and cream. Bread, butter, tea.

The bread may be loaf, biscuits, rolls, griddle cakes, &c., and hardtack is kept on hand for an emergency and as a ration for landing parties sent ashore for expeditionary work. One might wonder how it is possible to supply all of these fresh and good things on a man-o-war if one did not know that each battleship has great cold storage compartments in which these things can be tucked away and kept sweet.

But this is not all. The commissary stores of a modern battleship in our service occupy considerable space and present much the same appearance as an up to date grocery shop. There one will find pulverized, desiccated eggs, which makes it possible for jacky to have omelets, cake and custards. Packed in suitable tins are condensed milk and evaporated cream, many kinds of preserved fruits, macaroni, cheese, spices, candies, &c.

Years ago the butter served to our sailors was of a character properly termed forceful, and even the most hardened sea dog had to hold his breath when he ate it. Today the butter supplied our bluejackets comes from the best of the creameries and has to meet rigid specifications and undergo exacting inspection before it is accepted for the service. In the same way all beef and other meats are examined by experts, and jacky knows that he will have only the best and juiciest of joints.

The following proportion of fresh meats is issued: In any one month there will be 50 per cent of beef, 20 per cent of pork loins, 10 per cent of sausage, 5 per cent veal, 5 per cent mutton and 5 per cent fowl. During the Christmas holidays and at Thanksgiving a more generous allowance of fowl is permitted, for then prime plump turkeys figure frequently on the bill of fare.

But jacky does not have to depend alone upon the provender that can be carried in the commissary stores and the refrigerators of the fighting ships. Thanks to the supply ships, fresh meats and vegetables and fruits are brought to the fleet even though it may be engaged in manoeuvres at sea or standing watch off some unfriendly port.

In the old days the nearest approach to a fresh vegetable when at sea was the Irish potato, and lemon or lime juice helped further to guard the men from

scurvy. Now our sailors have a variety of fresh vegetables and a daily issue of fruit is considered necessary from a health standpoint. The medical men of the navy have found that life aboard ship is of necessity more or less sedentary and for that reason bodily functions are prone to become sluggish. Fruits in ample quantities have a great corrective and curative value in this respect and the allowance is now increased on going to sea.

The mere improvement in provisions would not suffice if other conditions had not been changed in the commissary department of our men-of-war. Formerly the cooks were not trained men. Today they are experts and are graduated from a special school at one of the navy yards. Their assistants instead of being men that were too incompetent to fit in anywhere else are now qualified by regular schooling and they have to meet a standard that is a high one.

With a thousand men to cook for three times a day the galley of a dreadnought is a busy place. Some of the vessels use coal for this work, others oil, and the latest electricity. Be this medium what it may, none of the food is issued to the sailors until it has been tasted by the officer of the deck and approved.

Speaking of electricity, this motive energy figures conspicuously in the culinary department of our most up to date battle craft. For instance, the cake mixer, the dough mixer, the meat slicer, the meat chopper, the potato peeler, the egg beater, the ice cream freezer and the dish washer are all operated electrically, and but for these mechanical agencies it would be quite impossible to have these three abundant meals ready on the stroke of the hour.

At 7:30 sharp all hands are "piped" to breakfast, and the bluejackets have forty-five minutes for this meal and a matutinal smoke. From 11:50 to 1 o'clock is noon hour, and during that interval our sailor boys have dinner and another chance to smoke. Five-thirty is supper time.

But these three meals are not all of the food issued. The men are turned out of their hammocks at 5:30 in the morning, and after clearing the decks and the like they are allowed early coffee or cocoa. Should any of the bluejackets belong to the engineer and dynamo force and stand night watches between 8 p. m. and 8 a. m., under steam, they receive an extra allowance of one ounce of coffee or cocoa, two ounces of sugar, four ounces of hard bread or its equivalent, and four ounces of preserved meat or its equivalent.

Formerly the crew of a ship were divided into messes containing from 14 to 20 men and the food for each mess was, within some limits, subject to qualification or change to suit the desires of the group. By commuting some of the rations and taking the money equivalent it was possible to buy supplies ashore that could not be obtained from the ship's stores. This added to the difficulties of the cooks and bred discontent through the disparity of diet existing between a bad and a well run mess.

Now, this objection has been overcome by placing all of the enlisted men in what is known as a general mess and all have to fare alike. The chief commissary steward and his assistants, the chief cook and his subordinates, together with the system of purchase and the wide range of the dietary allowed under the ration scale now make it possible to provide, to prepare and to serve to our sailors food that cannot be equalled anywhere else for several times the price.

Our modern Jack Tars are not given to chewing tobacco like their predecessors of the old

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navy. Neither do they as a rule hanker for strong drink. Accordingly, it should be no surprise to learn that they are very fond of sweet things. Last year for the sailors of the Atlantic reserve fleet, stationed at the Philadelphia navy yard, the Government brought thirty tons of candy and 80,000 packages of salted peanuts. In order to sweeten the pies, cakes and puddings, figuring upon the bills of fare of the active squadrons, a million pounds of sugar is required every three months! On high days and holidays our husky bluejacket has no end of good things, and when he entertains his foreign fellows he is never quite satisfied with his hospitality unless he sends his guests over the side with their waistbands heavily taxed.

The question of water is quite as vital in the official mind as solid food for our sailors. Now every drop drunk on shipboard is distilled and the men commonly drink from sanitary fountains placed at convenient points. The medical experts of the service have found that this water is of peculiar value in cases where the jackies are predisposed toward rheumatism, hardening of the arteries, abnormal blood pressure and kindred conditions. In, short, this distilled water will contribute to longer life under such circumstances, and this fact should be of general interest.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children
In Use For Over 30 Years
Always bears the Signature of *Charles H. Fletcher*

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Wiley spent Sunday in Kansas City.

Miss Helen Fulkerson left Sunday morning for DeKalb, Mo., where she will teach school.

INDIAN AT WEST POINT

One in Class of 1822—Cherokee
A Presidential Appointee.

Washington, June 19.—Sylvester Long-Lance, the first full blooded Cherokee Indian to receive an appointment to the Military Academy at West Point, a member of the class which was graduated this year from St. John's School at Manlius, N. Y. Long-Lance had been a student at the school for three years and stood high in his work and was also active in athletics.

He also is a graduate of the Carlisle Indian School, which he entered when he was 12 years old. Some time ago he determined to become an army officer. President Wilson became interested in him and several weeks ago Long-Lance received notification that he had been selected as one of the six Presidential appointees to the Military Academy.

The first Indian to receive an appointment to West Point was David Moniac, a Creek. He was born in Alabama and was a cadet of the Military Academy from September 18, 1817, until July 1, 1822, when he was graduated and appointed a brevet Second Lieutenant in the 6th Infantry.

On the expiration of his graduation leave on December 31, 1822, he resigned from the army to become a cotton planter in his native State. During the war in Florida in 1836, against the Seminoles, Moniac became Captain in a regiment of mounted Creek volunteers and became a Major in that regiment November 15, 1836. He was killed six days later in the battle of Wahoo Swamp.

Everett Mitchell of Sedalia spent Sunday here with relatives.

Father Geo. B. Curry went to St. Mary's, Kansas, Monday morning for a week's stay.